Gru. My M^r is growne quarrelsome:
I should knocke you first,
And then I know after who comes by the worst.
Petr. Will it not be?
Faith Sirrah, and you'l not knocke Ile ring it,
Ile trie how you can *Sol, Fa,* and sing it.

He rings him by the eares

Gru. Helpe mistris helpe, my master is mad.
Petr. Now knocke when I bid you: sirrrah villaine.

Enter Hortensio

Hor. How now, what's the matter? my old friend *Grumio*, and my good friend *Petruchio*? How do you all at *Verona*?
Petr. Signior *Hortensio* come you to part the fray?
Contutti le core bene trobatto, may I say.
Hor. Alla nostra casa bene venuto multo honorata signior mio Petruchio.
Rise *Grumio* rise, we will compound this quarrell.
Gru. Nay 'tis no matter sir, what he leges in Latine. If this be not a lawfull cause for me to leave his service, looke you sir: He bid me knocke him, and & rap him soundly sir, Well, was it fit for a seruant to vse his master so, being perhaps (for ought I see) two and thirty, a peepe out? Whome would to God I had well knockt at first then had not *Grumio* come by the worst.
Petr. A senceless villaine: good *Hortensio*,
I bad the raskall knocke vpon your gate,
And could not get him for my heart to do it.
Gru. Knocke at the gate? Oh heauens: spake you not these words plaine? Sirra, Knocke me heere: rappe me heere: knocke me well, and knocke me soundly? And come you now with knocking at the gate?
Pet. Sirra be gon, or talke not I aduise you.
Hor. Petruchio patience, I am *Grumio's* pledge:
Why this a heauie chance twixt him and you,
Your ancient trustie pleasant seruant *Grumio*:
And tell me now (sweete friend) what happie gale
Blowes you to *Padua* heere, from old *Verona*?
Petr. Such winde as scatters yong men through the world,
To seeke their fortunes farther then at home,
Where small experience growes but in a few.

Signior

Signior *Hortensio*, thus it stands w
Antonio my father is deceast,
And I haue thrust my selfe into th
Happily to wiue and thriue, as bes
Crownes in my purse I haue, and g
And so am come abroad to see the
Hor. Petruchio, shall I then co
And wish thee to a shrew'd ill-fauo
Thou'dst thanke me but a little for
And yet Ile promise thee she shall
And verie rich: but th'art too muc
And Ile not wish thee to her.
Petr. Hortensio, 'twixt such fri
Few words suffice: and therefore,
One rich enough to be *Petruchio's*
(As wealth is burthen of my woing
Be she as foule as was *Florentius* Lo
As old as *Sibell*, and as curst and s
As *Socrates Zentippe*, or a worse:
She moues me not, or not remoues
Affections edge in me. Were she as
As are the swelling *Adriaticke* seas
I come to wiue it wealthily in *Pad*
If wealthily, then happily in *Padu*
Grue. Nay looke you sir, he tels
Why giue him gold enough, and
Aglet babie, or an old trot with ne
she haue as many diseases as two a
comes amisse, so monie comes with
Hor. Petruchio, since we are ste
I will continue that I broach'd in iest
I can *Petruchio* helpe thee to a wife
With wealth enough, and yong an
Brought vp as best becomes a Gen
Her only fault and that is faults eno
Is, that she is intollerable curst,
And shrow'd and froward, so beyon
That were my state farre worser ther
I would not wed her for a mine of G

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